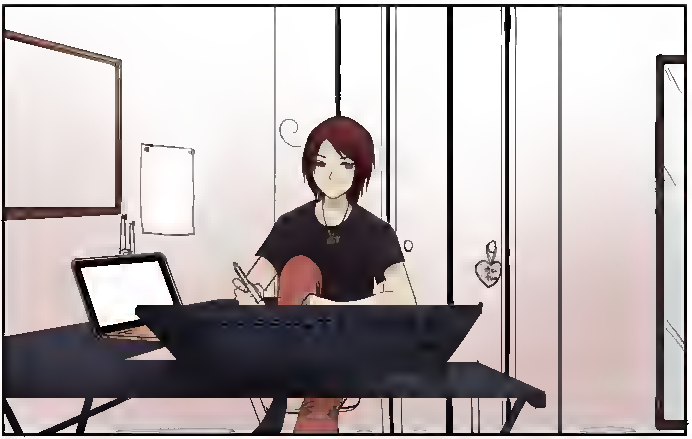
Snailogy

fantasies inspired by
REALITY

Felipbae

WE HAD A DISPUTE THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, SEEPING INTO THE NEXT DAY. I HAD A DEADLINE RIDING UP MY *SS.



FELIPBAE WAS CASUALLY DYING ON THE BED, DUE TO BLOOD SUGAR BEING PERILOUSLY HIGH AT 600 MG/DL.
(NORMAL RANGE 70-140 MG/DL. HE'S TYPE 1 DIABETIC.)

3-4 HOURS LATER...

I FEEL SICK. IT HURTS EVERY WHERE.
MY HEAD POUNDS.
TEARS FEEL LIKE GLASS LACERATING MY EYES.
MY LEGS HAVE A THOUSAND NEEDLES STABBING THROUGH THEM...

OBLIVIOUS OF HOW SERIOUS HIS CONDITION WAS UNTIL THAT MOMENT.

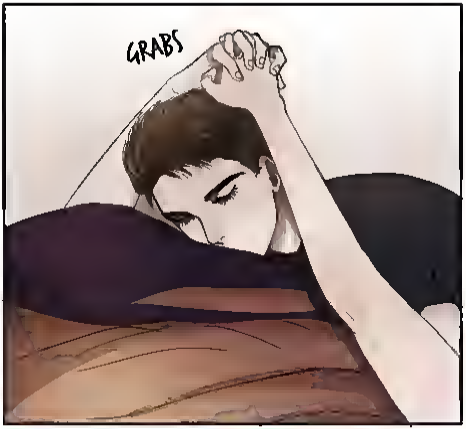
AN INVISIBLE HAND GRIPPED MY CHEST, SUFFOCATING ME, WATCHING HIM SUFFER,

INCAPABLE OF HELPING. I JUST RAN MY THROBBING HAND THROUGH HIS SWEATY HAIR.

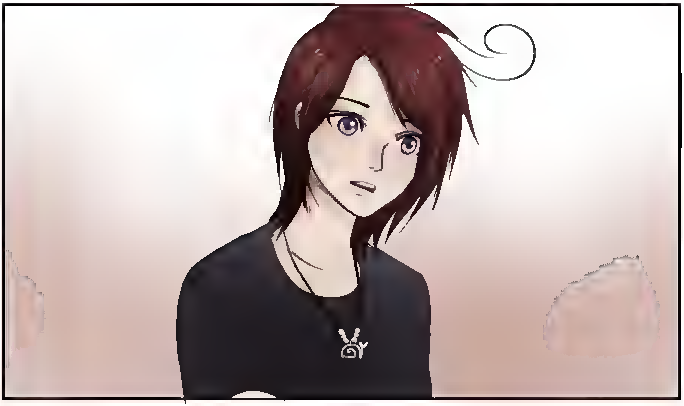
AW, SO YOU'RE LIKE LIL' MERMAID,

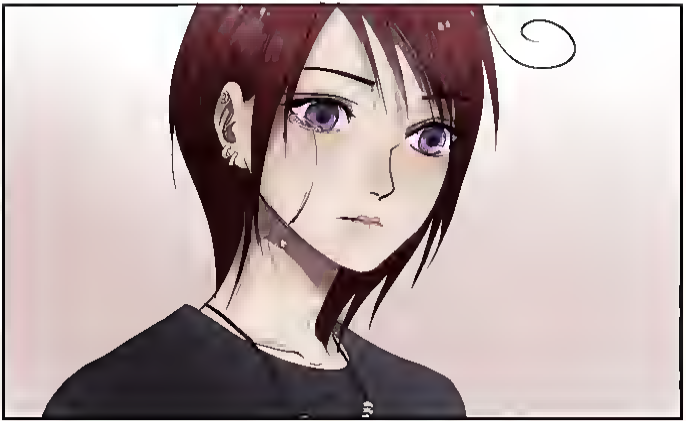
WHEN SHE FIRST GOT HER HUMAN LEGS?

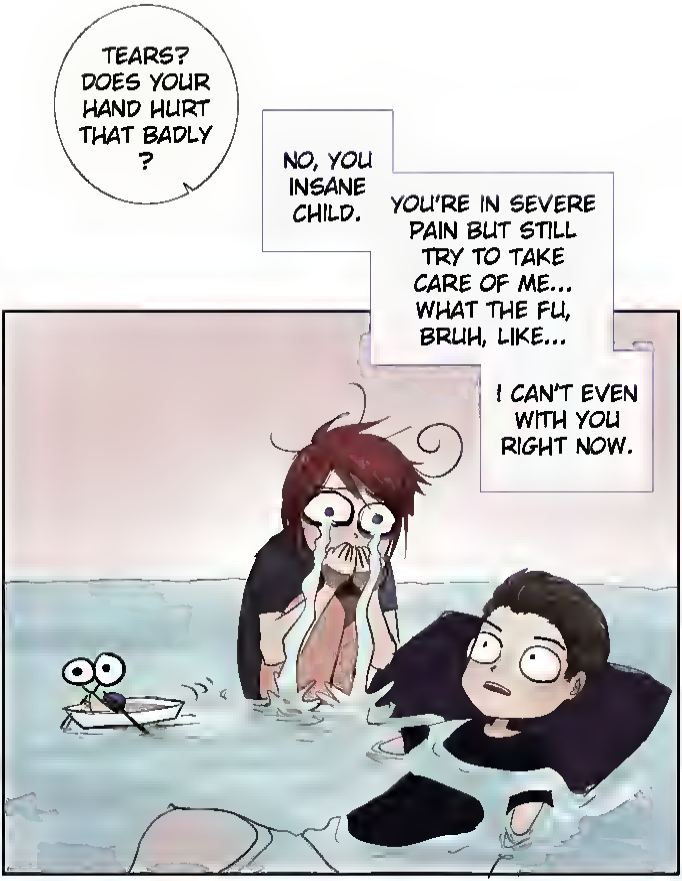
STRETCHING HAND BECAUSE PAIN FROM THE DRAWING MARATHON.


GRABS

CASUALLY
MASSAGES






TEARS? DOES YOUR HAND HURT THAT BADLY ?
NO, YOU INSANE CHILD.
YOU'RE IN SEVERE PAIN BUT STILL TRY TO TAKE CARE OF ME... WHAT THE FU, BRUH, LIKE...
I CAN'T EVEN WITH YOU RIGHT NOW.

"I'LL NEVER BE TOO UPSET, BUSY, HURT OR TOO ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY."

-FELIPBAE-

SO LONG STORY SHORT,

WE ARE NOW ENGAGED. LAWLZ.

SNAILORDS

WHO PROPOSED?
RAISES HAND

Every other month, 5-10 baetrons supporting at $25 above get a chance to receive signed prints or art doodles.

Anglers supporting at $100 will get a t-shirt or random cool stuff.

Become a patron to participate in my giveaways.

Thanks to 79 Anglers for being my baetrons.